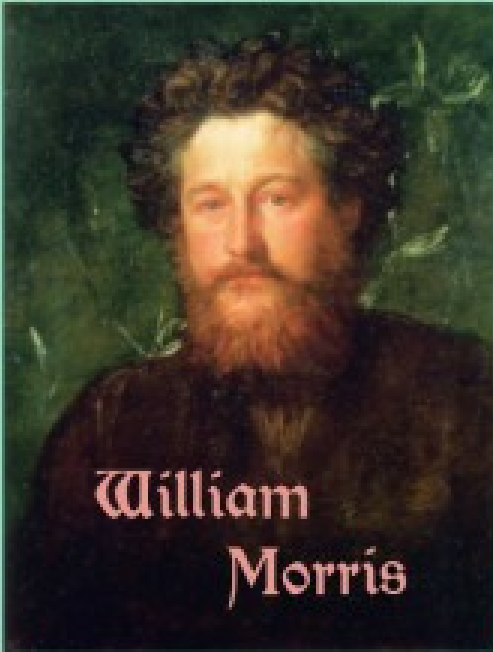


SUMMER DAWN

Patient and colourless, though Heaven's gold
 Waits to float through them along with the sun.
 Far out in the meadows, above the young corn,
 The heavy elms wait, and restless and cold

The summer night waneth, the morning light slips,
 Faint and grey 'twixt the leaves of the aspen,
 betwixt the cloud-bars
 That are patiently waiting there for the dawn:



William Morris

The uneasy wind rises; the roses are dun;
 Through the long twilight they pray for the dawn,
 Round the lone house in the midst of the corn,
 Speak but one word to me over the corn,
 Over the tender, bow'd locks of the corn.

↑ a LibriVox weekly poem

Summer Dawn	<p>LibriVox volunteers bring you 16 recordings of "Summer Dawn" by William Morris.</p> <p>This was the Weekly Poetry project for July 10, 2022.</p> <p>-----</p> <p>When this poem was first published in 1856 it had no title. Subsequently, the 1858 edition gave the sonnet its title of "Summer Dawn." And it is a sonnet, though it does not follow traditional English or Italian models. Perhaps Morris was giving hint of the Provençal 'alba.' These poems in their early form were conversations between two lovers. The requirement is that each stanza end with the word 'alba' [dawn]. Morris ends lines five and eleven this way. - Summary by KevinS</p> <p>Read by LibriVox volunteers . Total running time: 00:21:34</p> <p>This recording is in the public domain and may be reproduced, distributed, or modified without permission. for more information or to volunteer, visit librivox.org.</p> <p>Cover picture portrait of author . Copyright expired in U.S., Canada, EU, and all countries with author's life +70 yrs laws. Cover design by Annise using Morris font. This design is in the public domain.</p>	William Morris
Summer Dawn		William Morris